Betty wanted her fifteen minutes in the office. I wouldn't let her in. I 'd already brought her her meds in her room. I let myself in with the master key. She was sleeping with the blanket pulled up over her head. It was cold in her room but she'd turned on her little electric fan. It was her soporific device. I pulled the blanket off the foot of her bed, exposing her feet and legs. She'd slept in her clothes again.

I went to the head of her bed. I said, "Betty, meds." I knew she was awake. She knew she'd been caught. "All right," she said. She lurched upright on the side of the bed. She was wearing track pants and a heavy sweater. We'd bought the sweater together at the Goodwill last week. She'd been so pleasant to everyone in the store. Now she was furious.

I looked at the dosette to check that it was hers. Then I looked at her to see that she was Betty. Then I showed her the dosette so she could see that it was hers. I pointed to the slot and asked if it was right. She nodded her head. "Yes." I tapped out the pills into her cupped hands then checked the dosette again to make sure there was nothing left. I showed her the dosette. Empty? "Yes." Finally I told her that because she'd slept in her clothes again last night she wasn't to get any time in the office. No more hairy-chested hunks in low-budget slasher movies. "All right," she said, covering her head again. "Who cares?" She cared.

She returned a few moments later wondering if she had any